

This I Believe... In Parental Love towards their Children

‘Your parents, they give you your life, but then they try to give you their life.’ -Chuck Palahniuk.

When I first read this quote, it struck a chord in me. It got me thinking about whether this quote made sense. After thinking about it, I am in no doubt to assert that yes, they do try to give us their lives, and out of parental love.

My mother wakes up at an hour earlier than me everyday to make breakfast for me, allowing me get some extra sleep. My father wakes up about 30 minutes earlier than me and bathes first so that I can use the bathroom without having to rush when I wake up. Ironically, I sleep a few hours earlier than the both of them every night. My father then drives me to school before going to work, while my mother takes public transportation to her office instead. After work, my father, who drives the car, would constantly fetch me back home from school should my dismissal time be late. He would even wait for hours in the car until I am dismissed from my CCA. Back at home, my parents would bring cut fruits and drinks up into my room for me while I finish up my homework.

When I was small, I’ve never really thought these little things they were doing for me. I felt that as my parents, they had the responsibility to take care of me as how I have stated above, and that what my parents were doing was something every parent should be doing for their child. Yes, I was a spoilt child, and I took their love for granted.

Now that I’m 15, I’m starting to realize things I’ve never really thought about before. I realized how much my parents actually gave up for me, and how they try their best to make me comfortable, even if it means them having to bear with the circumstances. I started to notice the little things, like what I have stated above, that they were doing for me. I realized how they are always behind me, pushing me on, telling me to stand up after I fall. They never asked for any gratitude or repayment, but instead did everything willingly, silently showering me with love.

I believe that parental love is a quiet and steady love. While my parents may not show their love for me using words like other parents may do, I think that it’s the little things they do that show their love for me. I believe that I’m the luckiest person in the world to have parents by my side. I believe in the bond that my parents and I share, and I believe that the warm, fuzzy feeling I get when my parents show concern for me is because of the warmth of their love.

I believe... In parental love for their children. It’s such an exquisite, amazing thing.